

The NEWSETTE • Echoes from Bryan Hill

Volume III

JULY, 1937

Number 4

BRYAN CLOSES SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL YEAR

Closing the seventh year of school work, degrees were conferred by the University on the fourth graduating class in impressive exercises held in the open-air pavilion on Bryan Hill, Wednesday, June 9.)

Introduced by President Judson A. Rudd, the speaker was William Lee Hardin, Atlanta, Ga., business man and leader in Gideon work. He is also a member of the board of trustees. Mr. Hardin spoke from the thirty-fourth Psalm and told some of the experiences that have come to him in the Gideon work.

After the processional and the opening hymn by the congregation, the invocation was said by Dr. W. T. Reid, founder of the Cincinnati Messianic Testimony, and father of Edgerton Reid, a member of the graduating class. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Charles H. Currens, professor of Bible.

Musical numbers were furnished by the University sextet and Choral class.

The valedictorian was Ralph Toliver, of Dayton, whose average for the four years (erroneously announced as 86%) is 89.70%. Helen Penick, of Clearfield, Pa., made an average of 94% for her senior year, but had been in attendance only one year, and a school ruling prevented her being valedictorian.

The highest grade made in school during the session was that of Rebecca Peck, Elyria, Ohio, who led the freshman class with an average of 95%. Second place in that class went to Constance Penick, of Clearfield, Pa., with an average of 94%. Lewis Llewellyn, of Freeport, Pa., led the second-year class with an average of 93%; he was followed by Janet Webb, of Oliverea, N. Y., with an average of 91%. In the Junior class, Virginia Barger, of Dayton, was first, with an average of 94%, second honor student in the class being Rebecca Haeger, of Miami, Florida, with an average of 92%.

The P. A. Boyd prize for Christian leadership and service was awarded to Ralph Toliver.

Congratulations, Seniors!

From Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, Md., a member of the University Board of Trustees, comes this brief note:

Dear President Rudd:

I have before me and have looked carefully through the COMMONER for 1937. It is splendidly gotten up and an attractive memento for the graduating class, and the likenesses are especially clear and good. One feels that one knows each one in turning the pages.

Very faithfully,

Howard A. Kelly

MINISTERIAL WORK

By P. R. L. and G. E. K.

Under the able leadership of Miss Lyster, supervisor of religious activities, new fields have been opened this year by members of the George E. Guille Ministerial Association. The Lord has opened many doors of service. We now have Sunday Schools in a number of communities within a 10-mile radius of Dayton. Twenty-three students and seven faculty members go out every Sunday to the following places: Norman's Chapel, Montague, Pennine, Pleasant Dale, High Point, Valley School, The Cove, Walnut Grove, Kelly's Grove, Graysville Baptist Church and Salem Baptist Church.

The work has not been easy, but through the power of the Holy Spirit many souls have been won to Christ.

On Saturday nights prayer meetings are held in various homes in these communities and in the homes of shut-ins in Dayton.

Also, on Saturday nights, street meetings have been held on the main street of Dayton, under the leadership of Miss Charlotte Sapp. The singing of hymns and the giving of testimonies of the saving power of the Lord Jesus have attracted many to hear the message of the gospel. Souls have found Christ at many of these services.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

On Sunday morning the baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. Walter Hughes, Bible teacher and evangelist, of Toronto, Canada. The invocation was said by the Rev. Ray E. Penick, of Clearfield, Pa., pastor of the United Brethren Church there, and father of four Bryan students.

Other events preceding commencement day were the annual alumni banquet, the President's reception at Cedar Hill, the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, and the closing vesper service on the Cedar Hill lawn, Tuesday evening. At the vesper service the speakers were Rev. Penick, Mr. Hardin and Mr. G. V. Rudd, of Mosca, Col., who, with his daughter, is visiting his son, President Rudd, at Cedar Hill.

DE ROSSET—COPELAND

With happy congratulations to both, NEWSETTE rejoices in announcing the marriage, on June 10th, of Agnes Copeland to John de Rosset. Agnes graduated in the class of '36, and John was a junior this year. Spending the summer with the Wonderlys in Maryland, they will enter Columbia Bible College for missionary training in the fall. Best wishes! May many years of joyful service to Him be yours.

FAREWELL PICNIC FOR RUDDS

Lula Falls, atop of Lookout Mountain way down in Georgia, was the site chosen for a picnic given as a farewell party for Mr. G. V. and Miss Inez Rudd recently. After one car, under the expert guidance of a certain Mr. T. and Miss H., had wandered all over the top of the mountain and another had done almost as well, the three cars in the party assembled at the falls, where fried fish, tomatoes, coffee, strawberries and cake were fully enjoyed. Willie having celebrated with tire trouble, the group arrived home around midnight, only to discover that Mrs. Rudd's pocketbook was still way down in Georgia.

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EDITORIAL

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

In the fifth book of the Bible God says to his people: "For thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God, and the Lord hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth." How pathetically prophetic is this statement in the light of the present-day usage of one word therein contained: *peculiar*.

In Bible language, or so this writer believes, the word *peculiar*, coming as it does from the Latin "peculium," means that which is private property. In other words, God, speaking through His servant, was telling His people: "You are a holy people unto me, and I have chosen you to be my personal, private property." And, indeed, through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we are just that.

But are we peculiar only in the Biblical sense of the word? Let's examine the average Christian—not all Christians praise His Name!

We become Christians by trusting in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ for our eternal salvation—"Neither is there salvation in any other"—and then we let Satan bring doubt and fear into our hearts that we may still be facing eternal damnation.

We pledge ourselves as a "living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," and then grasp His Holy Word in one hand and a fair portion of the world's "borderline" pleasures in the other.

We religiously train our children to attend church services on Sunday morning—perhaps even the evening services. In the afternoon we take them to the movie to fill their eyes and minds with the "lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life."

We accept the Greatest Gift, the sacrifice of God's only Son for our

Honey!

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," chanted a sage of old. And we agree. The wind and rain which came whipping up the valley and over Bryan Hill left behind it rain-washed roads and scattered leaves and branches. To Dayton it was just another storm. But to the Bryan folks it was a rare treat, for it left in its wake the honey-filled top of a tree.

With probably more caution than haste the office force and others stepped daintily over swarms of busy bees and helped themselves generously to the sticky masses of amber-luscious honey. Biscuits and honey for breakfast!

sins, rejoicing in the knowledge of our own salvation. But we sit idly by and watch others plunge madly into an eternal hell, without even so much as giving our personal testimony or inviting them to hear a gospel message.

We pledge our support to God and then give to institutions utterly opposed to Him, simply because they are rendering a social service.

We caution our children against sin and, when there are churches and schools true to the Bible, we send them to modernistic churches and schools, in which their faith is ridiculed, their Lord despised and spat upon, and their beliefs torn to shreds.

We accept the good things the Lord has graciously supplied, but never think to pause a moment to lift our hearts in praise and thanksgiving.

We worry, we fret, we complain, forgetting that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

We claim Christ died for us. But we live for ourselves.

When will we wake up to the fact that we are to be a "peculiar" people—not an odd, unreasonable, ungrateful people? When will we come out from among the world and be separated unto Him? When, we ask, will we show a little courage and proclaim in word and deed—despising the shame—that we are "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth?"

BRYAN SAID

Evolutionists say that back in the twilight of life a beast, name and nature unknown, planted a murderous seed and that the impulse that originated in that seed throbs forever in the blood of the brute's descendants, inspiring killings innumerable, for which murderers are not responsible because coerced by a fate fixed by the laws of heredity.

It is an insult to reason and shocks the heart. That doctrine is as deadly as leprosy; it may aid a lawyer in a criminal case, but it would, if generally adopted, destroy all sense of responsibility and menace the morals of the world.

A brute, they say, can predestine a man to crime, and yet they deny that God incarnate in the flesh can release a human being from this bondage or save him from ancestral sins. No more repulsive doctrine was ever proclaimed by man.

MOONLIGHT PICNIC

Water rushing pell-mell over huge boulders, throwing tiny minnows topsy turvy; childish cascades gaily leaping into space and falling joyously into and mischievously disturbing the aged dignity of a dozing pool, causing the moon, asleep within the still waters, now to smile at the playful spray, then to frown as the ripples gaily dance across its passive face and send shimmering bits of moonlight skipping about the rocks.

Add to such a setting the rather prosaic aroma of coffee, the sharpness of dill pickles, the deliciousness of tasty fried trout and the velvety smoothness of home-made strawberry ice cream and you have, in brief, the setting for the picnic hike recently given by Dean Ryther for the Junior Class, of which he is sponsor, and for the special guests, Mr. and Mrs. Rudd and Miss Agnes Copeland. Preceded by a mountain climb, the supper was followed by campfire tales and gospel choruses.

"Ho, Hum . . ."

" . . . I confer upon you the degree of Bachelor of Arts," slowly intoned the president to the last candidate, after which, amid tears and laughter, the procession filed out from under the pavilion into the brilliance of an early June morning. School was out for another year. And now—Ho, hum! the sleepy summer is once again with us, and only visions of the past and dreams of the future disturb our daily tasks.

From the past—visions of college couples sitting under the aged oaks and cedars, which smilingly look down on them and continue to sway with the breeze, just as though lives were not being planned and promises not being made. "Ho, hum!" sing the leaves gently, "we've seen it done

before—long, long before you came to sit and pledge an eternal friendship beneath our boughs."

From the past—the ghosts of those who slowly walk up the winding road to the campus, forgetting the wearisome steps, so very, very tiring when one is traveling alone. And the bees buzz in their ears, and the birds call softly to their mates, and the little swirls of dust rise lazily and entice willing feet to take the long way up the hill, up Copeland-DeRosset Boulevard. . . . Ho, hum!—they're married now, you know.

Ah, yes, from the past—nightmares of unlearned lessons and hard-hearted teachers who "can't understand us young fellows" (as though the teachers had never been young

themselves!) and just won't "give a guy a break." Nightmares in which English pronouns and Greek idioms throw French and Spanish articles at each other, while sharps and flats gaily dance about among test tubes and geometrical figures to the tune of "Running Over." And the carpet—woe is me—the carpet, stained with the misdeeds of wandering freshmen and erring upper classmen. . . . Did somebody say nightmares?

But now the past is over, and it's . . . just summer again. And the family is gone, and all is silent. It's hot and sultry, and we sit idly dreaming of visions . . . and ghosts . . . and nightmares. . . .

Ho, hum! When will school begin again?

Since before commencement week President Rudd has enjoyed a visit from his father, Mr. G. V. Rudd, and his sister, Miss Inez. Accompanied by Mrs. Rudd and Juanita, they recently took rather a hurried visit to Norris Dam.

Becky and Ralph were supper guests two weeks ago at the home of the Misses Maida and Beatrice Adams in Graysville.

Our "mythological" dog, Lelaps, has departed hence and is now residing in Kentucky. One of his friends recently expressed through the medium of prolonged and mournful howls his regrets at the departure of Lelaps. Perhaps that explains why Parker could not sleep.

Brother and Mrs. Webb, Janet and Ralph left on the fourteenth, the Webbs for Oliverea, Ralph to take up his studies at the China Inland Mission camp at Toronto, Canada.

Dean Ryther and Rebecca Haeger were at Salem Sunday night to hear Ralph preach his farewell sermon. Ralph and Mabel Arnold returned to the dormitory with them.



On the Campus

Work on the backstops for the tennis court is progressing, keeping Mr. Fish, Webster and Parker with full hands.

Edgerton, we understand, leaves for California in July, where he will do gospel work among the Jewish people.

Becky is practicing at the stove (we can but wonder why) and makes delicious muffins.

Prof. McMurry took time off from his gardening last week and with Mrs. Mac and Emily moved Joe Kohout to U. T., where he is attending summer school.

Mabel and Juanita vied for honors at the dinner table, the other day. Mabel began by cutting her finger on a can and demanding the attention of two "Doctors." Not to be outdone, Juanita fainted before the meal was over and demanded the attention of the entire assemblage and half a pitcher of ice water. Both have recovered.

Ruth Toliver is attending a school of Advertising Art in Nashville and advises that she is not "too homesick."

Mr. and Mrs. Fish plan to go with Mrs. Hodges and S. D. to Gatlinburg, Tennessee, to spend the "glorious fourth" in the Great Smokies.

President Rudd was saying something the other day—something about not receiving a letter from some place or other—Kansas, maybe.

Special to ministerial students: The chickens will be large enough to fry next week.

Brother Austin has set his tent up in Dayton and is holding revival services.

NEW TRACTS

New editions of "How Old Art Thou" have arrived and with them several thousand copies of Miss Lyster's tract, "The Judge Paid the Fine," and one by the Rev. Coulson Shepherd, "The Paradox of Birth," published by the University with permission of the author.

Mrs. Rudd Visits Parents

The entire dormitory group rejoiced to see Mrs. Rudd off for a greatly needed vacation when she left on the fourteenth with Mr. G. V. and Miss Inez Rudd for a visit with her parents in Olathe, Kansas. Except for missing her fellowship, the "family" is progressing nicely during her absence and sends greetings.

BULLETIN ON THE PRESS

The 1937-38 issue of the University Catalog-Bulletin is now on the press and should be ready for distribution by the first of August. It differs from last year's edition in a number of ways and will include considerable new material. If you have a young friend interested in attending a Christian college, ask him to write for a copy, or write for one yourself.



Miss Beekman (N. J.): "It must seem strange now with the parties off that were to leave. . . . Spent the night with Miss McAllister—delighted to 'hit the hay' after 30 driving hours."

Charlotte Sapp (Chicago): "Just arrived and no one to meet me; got time mixed up, so I came home by my lonesome in a downpour of rain. Cheerful arrival, eh what! Is Parker still there? I'm so sleepy!"

Edgerton Reid (Ohio): ". . . went to Wheaton and asked pardon for my Southern accent, but really, I don't think it needs an apology, do you? I like it."

Sarah Idleman (Pa.): "After 27 hours arrived safe and sound. Our rambler rose has one bud just ready to open, if you want to compare seasons."

The Cottrells (Fla.): "Drove straight through. . . . On Florida highways cattle are permitted to graze. A good-sized calf dashed headlong into us—result, badly bent fender and radiator and a dead calf."

Vinton Fish (Pa.): "Time marches on, and I hope I shall be back again to the place that is more than home to me. . . . Last evening very lucky for me . . . in a '37 Ford and met another car head-on; the only injuries to occupants of either car were bruises—a sprained wrist for me."

EDITOR'S NOTE: A note from you will bring pleasure to your friends. Why not write?

Mildred Kuntz (Pa.): "Had a very interesting trip and saw 'my Indians.' Write about street meeting, visitation work, etc."

Harold Fuss (N. J.): "James and I arrived home Friday night. Praise the Lord for His guidance and care . . . go to work Wednesday, same job as last summer."

Mr. and Mrs. De Rosset (N. J.): "Aggie wants you to know the place is wonderful and the food grand. Mrs. Wonderly sends love to all."

Glenn Klamm (Kan.), Alvin Hall (Fla.): "Had six good rides and landed in Dixon last night. We have had good luck, but we count it different: 'He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.'"

Rebecca Peck (Ohio): "It scarcely seems possible that I am so far away, but it is good to be back home . . . will be ready for some real work after nine months of physical leisure. I shall now exercise my body and rest my mind."

Lucile Cassel (Ky.): "Unless plans change we'll have Daily Bible School only this week; then I'll be back home. Had about 50 in Sunday School today. I missed my kids."

Miss Yancey (Va.): "Folks think I'm company, been away so long. . . . Bible Study of Missionary Society turned over to me . . . have to cover Luke in 30 minutes. Painting room tomorrow—cream, blue, dash of orange-pink . . . love to all the family—2 Cor. 2:14."

Ralph Toliver (En route, Canada): "The Shenandoah Valley is the prettiest section of the country I have ever seen."

Dr. Currens (Ga.): "Seems a long way back to June 9th. . . . Goody at Emory for library work . . . we think of you all and have you ever in our hearts. Our daily prayer is that our Father's perfect will shall be manifested and carried out. I am to be in Trion July 4th. Please bear me up in faith. Love to all."

Mrs. Rohrer and Elsie (Pa.): "We are a part of the work at Bethanna from July 1st until after Labor Day." ". . . wish I were back at Bryan . . . so homesick for my Bryan friends I don't know what to do . . . 93 in the shade yesterday."

The Penicks (Pa.): "Clearfield aggregation arrived safely after few difficulties. . . . Landis and Ralph working, Connie teaching in Vacation Bible School."